

PUBLIC ENEMY



THERE'S A **POISON** GOIN ON....

for many is the wall....the millenium for many is the wall....the millenium for many is the wall....the millenium

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Dark Side Of The Wall: 2000"

Kill

Time is running out

Prophecy is a mean thing

The prophets are together

No one will be permitted to get in this area

Except by special pass issued by state or military prop

The year of our lord two thousand

Hysteria of music

The war will become a single machine

Then is a story about what happened and why

The explosion the explosion

Then is a story about what happened and why

Four three two one

Kill

The terrifying future

The terrifying future

This century [x14]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Do You Wanna Go Our Way???"

Now what sound of my DJ cuts
Terminator's back on some ol' fools track
Takes a nation of sellouts to keep us back
Flippin disco raps used to be whack
Now what you hear is what you lack
Take a lil bit of this a lil bit of dat
Who dropped the bomb on hip hop
Who got biggie and who shot tupac
What's forgot / ain't no eazy, no scott larock
Now what's rap gotta do wit what you got
For whom the bell tolls
Is that the way the story goes
85% believing all the videos
God knows / who controls the radios
Some people chose the road to be hoes
And so i rose / in the middle of all the woes
And def jam / negroes turnin up their nose
There's one way in no way out
No doubt the body count
Gettin headz checkin out

Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down

Time to make life shine again like glass
Gotta make it shine like glass

Outraged against the scene
Proofread the script
Flipped it back so I'm back in gang green
We interrupt this routine I had a dream
Da clean protein smacked the gangsta lean
Between the triple team
Wiped em out like a drought
Damn I'm raps tetracycline
Them lips foretold these apocalypse
Everything had a shot
And got hit wit bullshit
Twisted politics tricks I couldn't get wit
As one quits another nitwit hits
All the way crazy, shady

World turned upside down
I put it down
Why destroy what you love
Look around
Surrounded by chalk marks on the ground
Where the lost got found
Why it all come tumblin down
Why he and she gotta die
Now how dat sound

Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down

On & on to the break a dawn
Some the 100 meter dash I'm the marathon
Been around a long time
But the rhyme the same
Sound remains insane
Exchange the reign
Ain't that somethin
Figure I smashed the pumpkin
So I parallel the brains of cobain
Show no shame like the pain of kane
Gettin madd opposition hip to the game
It's that gran ol' pe ammo
Different time different channel
Funky piano
Here to witness get on up with a quickness
S1's in the house
Wit the thickness that get dis
1 2 3 4 5 attackin they frat
Griff is back got 5 on it black
The track got x on the decks
Terminators back cause a dat is whack
On the 1 and 2
Yeah go flavor
Pe hit the road gettin set to explode
Fight the power for peace
Can't forget the war mode
Overload
There she blows
Here we go
Now you know
Damn another alamo

Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down

Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down

Public Enemy Lyrics

"LSD"

Told ya buffalo soldier
Fell to the ground like folgers
Couldn't hold the boulder
Fancy dancer paralyzed for an answer
In the hip hop game but the rap got cancer
Tumors poppin from the middle of rumors
Generation x be the end of baby boomers
Is the next generation headed for doom
Control the soul and you got a got a
Truck fulla fertilizer blowin up the spot
Think it's terrorism the border line's hot
Check the passports tap the telephone
Surprise they home grown
And one of your fuckin own
It's dat same ol shit - dat same ol game
From that same ol gang up to that same ol thing
Now what I see say you know me
I pour a metaphor of lsd

I don't know what yall thinkin about
But if you know like I know
You better strap on your seatbelt
Cause you in for a long ride

Now I be damn I been a man
Figure I never call myself a nigger
To get benjamans
What's love got to do wit what you got
Not a whole lot / no forgot oh this shit is hot
Spendin all the cheddar for clothes
Wit a sign foreclosed on the front mud
Lost in dominoes

Now the heads tell tales
How the dead bled and fled
Now they livin up in the bed
Instead they seize us like jesus
Married to the mob did a sloppy job in hempstead
Lord had mercy wanna curse me
New world order got my ass drownin in the water
Now what you stuck to the west
That funk to the east is phat
Atl be krunk dirty south
Thirty thou crankin trunks
Try to pass the test but to the rest they flunk
Now what be indebted
Better get over it

Those times and raps ain't never comin back
No future without a pass I kick ass
Rock the sox offa pandora's box
Is it any wonder why the clocks flavor got
Between rehearsin a verse my jaw lox
I set the bomb between the r & b scene
Go against the grain run up on the train
And so I parallel the brains of cobain
As hip hop brain made em spill the champagne
Make it plain the sound remains insane
Come the same no holes closin up the lane
Don't ask no questions on the simple level
Can the magic get shaq back
Knicks get van exel
Bold rap lyrics fuck whatcha heard
Not no lost and found nouns or half ass words
Turnaround funk power moves ruffs
I ain't never been cuckoo for no coco puffs
Lsd, set it free make em see the tricks
Rather try at 37 than die at 26

Lawyers no loyalties accountants no royalties
Lie for a lie I look em in the eye
History speaking lawyers should die
Kissed the companies and made them all cry
A new rap song and a real drive by
Why o why did the video die
The narcs and the feds got the pimp niggas fraid
Threat of the aids got the bitches afraid
The god damn white man got you afraid
Social service got your mama afraid
Scared of the fact before a niggas black
Some of you say nigga before you say crack
You got no back is what you lack
Just say black and I'll see where your ass is at

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Here I Go"

Here I go, I don't give a damn if you wit me
Stupidity, shit I'm the reverse of jiggy
All that prettiness running on empty
Only wusses need pity, no I ain't from the city
5 minutes of fame if you don't know my name
Oh yeah, I'm that field nigga they all fear
Here's a madd salute to all my troops
Fuck a lawyer and the law and all them suits
I spits and I vomit cause I come like a comet
Better quit it if yall don't know what yall gettin from it
Just forget it if you wit it, that racket runnin it
Come on come with it, I think I'll fit it
Go to war but what the hell I'm fightin for
As I soar yeah baby I like it raw
No cigar, I ran over the pop star wit my car,
Again and may the best jam win...

Here I go -- there you go

Bingo, it don't matter if this platter's a single
Needin needles like the beatles needin ringo
From the beginnin I told you how to see thru the linen
All that talk but that's the way
The side walks in new york
I simplify cause you might be high
Rip shit in the pit so what you don't like it
This is man shit a hip hop trip
On that aggressive tip but rap got pussy whipped
Got out psyched down on that turnpike
I knew this philly who just wouldn't get right
Cause I was aware as a square in delaware
Execs writing checks for sex in spandex
Radios gettin sucked by labels under the table
Mix dj's gettin overpaid for airplay
Try to shut me down like ray, what I say?
Fuck your friends and may the best jam win

Here I go -- there you go

Mirror mirror I'm finger pointin at the man
It is i, I interrupt the program
Chuck d rubberneckin with the fans
Pe don't give a damn about uncle sam
And on and on like I said before
Some, the 100 meter dash, I'm the marathon
Against the grain comin like a train
As you listen to the sounds that remains insane

One on one and it's just begun
To get out the ghetto and get something done
To be the man you gotta beat the man
Don't confuse me with being dumb or bubble gum
And I'll be here as you disappear
And I'll be around amongst the crowd
Cause anything I wear is a step on down
That's how I've always been
And may the best jam win...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"41:19"

I come out my crib
Walk out on the block it's hot
Yo there's a black car parked on the corner hot boys
Tnt be creepin, while niggas be on the side
Of the soda machine sleeping
Word up kid, they seen what you did
In the car parked way down the block with binoculars
That's what they got.
Helicopters parked out on the roof
10,000 disposable cameras taking pictures for proof
You know what this is
That all y'all, get on the wall y'all
Take your worth out ya ass in the stall y'all
Or you take a mean bad fall y'all
Tnt they be playin for keeps
Wipe you off your teeth like cavity creep.

Word is born, your kids miss you when your gone
But life still goes on, you think they give a fuck?

Yo it's hot, what they got, 41 shots

Bad boys bad boys what ya gonna do
If you get caught by our muthafuckin crew
Shot 41 only hit 19
They need target practice, that's what it seems to me
Ally al is sharp on dan a tack
I'ma be like ally al and fight ya back
What, do you want to go to war, you want war?
Do you want to go to war, you want war?
I'll bury all you cocka la roaches for breakfast
Shit you out and throw you in the water for the next fish
Cuz I can do that shit g
F-l-a-v-o-r f-l-a-v see.
To the highest degree times 3
That's what you get fuckin with my family

Word is born, your kids miss you when your gone
But life still goes on, you think they give a fuck?

Yo it's hot, what they got, 41 shots

Shootin at oj
Don't know if he did it
Racist mutherfuckers mad cause they ain't with it
The police get out the car searchin for nuthin
If you got sumthin, then they got you for sumthin

That's fucked up, the way they play dirty
Lock em up in jail until he's past thirty
They don't give a fuck about you
They don't give a fuck about me
I'm past thirty three
Word is born, born is my word
I got you before my word fails
Fuck whatcha heard
I keep it real, you never catch me fakin
When it comes down to money that's what I'm making
Don't try and take my shit yo, I know lex yo
I'll have a fit yo
I'll turn the whole mutherfuckin block on you yo
And that leaves you with nowhere to go
Secretly by the police you was hired
You my favorite customer I didn't know you was wired
A nik on the ground, covered by my feet
Ay yo rah get the heat

Word is born, your kids miss you when your gone
But life still goes on, you think they give a fuck?

Yo it's hot, what they got, 41 shots

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Crash"

People runnin on empty
Rock the sympte
Outside 2001
Other side of the sun

Running, here we go tumblin
Few solutions, honey they polluted the future
Got me thinking of a new thing
Revolverlution
Computer souls, controlled by confusion
You be clubbin, while the world around you crumblin
Think its funny? Bunch of crash test dummy's
If all this shit, means the end of my money,
This is a stick up, off go the pagers and celly's
Us dollar, ain't worth what it's printed on,
Backed by the pentagon, sounds like babylon,
So I babble on, some of us stuck
In them barbershops and them hair salons,
While the crash comin at your ass...
While the crash comin at your ass like a bomb.

Now it all comes tumblin, runnin
Time is runnin runnin crash is coming,
Break the bank, spinning since the beginning,
Now it all comes tumblin, crumblin
Time is runnin runnin crash is coming,
Break the bank, spinning since the beginning,
Willie dynamite, time to cry and no ice.
Y2k, fallin out of the sky, so its chosen
Your ice is frozen, don't cry dry your eye
Ain't this a bitch, fuckin glitch. Mother fucker what
The count down to my account, count it down
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, hush make that head bust.
Last hour no control tower
Making new may flowers, fightin new powers
Have you forgotten, the other side of rotten,
Picking electronic cotton diggin digital ditches,
Lookout, lookout for the crash...crash...crash..

Have you forgotten, have yor forgotten

Y2k, that's the question,
What the fuck is up got the 85 guessin,
I told y'all for y'all protection
Got me a name change, a pair of smith an wessuns
Starring crescents mad packed with the lessons,
Figure 5% got the 10 counting blessings

Programmed by programs got you bowing to the man.
Avoid collisions in mid-air, medicaid and welfare
Zero zero what the fuck do you care?
All the lights be out, you can't get nowhere.
All around, that's why I found tony brown
The world we know, it's going down...down...down...down

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Crayola"

Stax of wax 55 high fulla tracks
New cats jackin beats from way back
Pay for play only way to get them platinum plaques
Clear the racks jobbers slobbin you for tax
Robbery and snobbery
Shit is killin me softly wit that same damn song
Makin folk dumber in the summer
A bummer when they shot willie in that hummer
Keep it simple stupid means numbers
Payola dough white owned black radio
Runnin on empty help go the desperado
So I bomb the toms and negros who pray to cash flow
No info to the masses as they shake their asses
No clue but I can't get my shit up in to you

Crayola with that same same ol shit
Crayola with that played playa shit
Crayola with that kid crayon shit
Crayola with them ol spray on hits

All fucked up ways must fall
Now the industry can't stop me
A vendetta to make the whole game better
They get the cheddar
All I got is a fuckin letter
What I owe? What am I
Another number and a ho, they don't know
Time to see em go like dominoes
About time cause they endorsed the crime up in the rhyme
Got these new souls controlled goin outta their mind
Missed what I said cause they don't even own their own heads
Go one go all I forgot they made robots outta some of yall
Today all fucked up ways must fall
Today is up against the wall
Misled in the head fucked by quiet storms and love songs
Noddin heads too hollow forgotten tomorrow
Swallowing all that shit that's shallow
Give the baby anything the baby wants
But that's how them bastards get us up in them caskets
Try to get me where they want me
Before some of them jump me
Go tell em I'm a start a rebellion
Educate the felons easy on yeah
Tell em what the fuck am I yellin
No tellin you got them artists and artificials
If it ain't right I don't give a damn if it's sellin
Recruits chasin and racin for that loot

Usin usual drum loops so I salute my troops
I don't socialize or mingle, fuck the promotionals
And you know what and that g-damn single
And the marketing team for that matter
It don't matter
Dj's gettin dimes for time on a platter
I ain't gotta be high to jack so I hijack
Fm - radio - eff em turn it around muthafucka
Gods to niggas, queens to bitches
Race against time see em all runnin for the riches
Everything had its chance last dance
Some things change like them weather forecasts
Ha funny how shit don't last

Crayola with that same same ol shit
Crayola with that played playa shit
Crayola with that kid crayon shit
Crayola with them ol spray on hits

Public Enemy Lyrics

"First The Sheep Next The Shepherd?"

First the sheep next the shepherd
Chuck's run amok multiplying like leopards
Spots em up the long bombs a record
A long shot / 3 minutes 15 seconds
If I was cloned never would I be alone
Just the two of us mutherfuck the lexus
Strange fruit be hangin in texas
Rope be holdin the necks
Poison politics affects us
Get my flow on a show of flexes
Got too much love above
For the battle of the sexes
Now I won't go as far as romancin myself
Or dancin with wolves or runnin wit the bulls
Shit I be in two places at one time
Split spaces wit one rhyme
Get 3 nickels outta one dime

First the sheep next the shepherd

Fill generation gaps wit mad raps
Get slapped
Give four smacks the hell on back
Be the father son and the holy ghost
As I represent both the east and the west coasts
Whatever that's worth 360
The planet earth that's the whole black man's turf
Now I be the rational national
Ever present international
Spy wit the third eye against the conquer and divide
Now wit three of me I can run a country
Make apocalypse quit do mad shit on the side
I go on wit my bad self if I had four of myself
I would sacrifice two to get that slave outta you
In my eyes be the anger of the furious five
Flashbacks cut across psycho tracks
Been there done that and I swung a big bat
Like that there it is I be the startin six pack

First the sheep next the shepherd

The east to the west south to the north
The music might switch the rhymes never fall off
Non alcoholic avoiding the bomb
In abortion clinics I be the hero up in it
Jack the cracker dat did it
Now the magnificent 7

Hip hop gangsta rappin
Holdin it down makin it happen
From oakland to manhattan
If I was eight / I be damn great
City to city / state to state
Won't never be too much on my plate
Flow like watergate
Wit nine of mine
I'd get piece of mine
Again and again
Wit that power of ten men
Duplicated by the split
Of one mean gene an shit
Back to the lab
Wit them scientific crabs, what next?
3 minutes and 15 seconds

Public Enemy Lyrics

"World Tour Sessions"

Behold, the whole planet upside down
I put it down
Shuttin' down disco clowns
I get around
This rap games like a sport
Been through two passports
Assed up an airport
Black man still gettin' no support
Comepnsation we ain't seein
Split by Europeans
Damn, treated less than human beings
No matter, Africa, Brazilia, St. Louis or the Carribean
Traveled the seven seas
Rocked many races
Spread the cash clean trash in a lot of low places
Seen the look of love on many mad faces
When I rhymed about the times and not the paper chases
People all over the world givin' mad respect
When I identified who the Government wrecked
Plus the sound scan, as the company rep
They don't care they jus about keepin' they checks

Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows

Here the crime rhyme created a lot of robots
Can a real lyric fix the shit time forgot
Loops got ya brain gettin' locked load up wit words
That never meant a lot
And you can't call the cops
And y'all don't really know
And y'all don't hear me though
Takes a nation of big brains to break up that flow
And the game ain't changed
But the heads be rearranged
In danger, my language is rappin' in anger
I be bangin' so I point my finger

While we sleep
Races set us up like sheep
Everytime I go some place
Slaves in my face
Black people, in a plantation state
No control of our soul
And wouldn't know our fate
Now am I wrong to hate, hate
38 countries, 51 states
Now you tell me, who in the world gonna compensate
One hundred million laws
Make a nigga wait
Got bake the green to get food on the plate

Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows

Anti-slave aggression
Stop the world oppression
[?] an expression
World Tour Session

Use your own discretion
Teach 'em all a lesson
Have the Governments confessin' World Tour Sessions

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Last Mass Of The Caballeros"

Madd Topics
No You Can't Stop It
Like How Much They Paid For That Rocket?
People In The Hood
Really Ain't Got Shit
How Much Got Spent By The President
Where My Money Went
Livin Here Separate
Even Heads Gotta Nerve Yellin Represent
Beat Down Crips Funky Ghetto Adlibs
Gadgets, Value Jets, Half Lit Cigarettes
City Limits
Put My Whole Soul In It
I Been Waitin Too Long To Get Where I'm Goin
Hatas Dissin This Flowin
Thinkin Ball And Rap
Is The Greatest Thing From Blacks
Hype Watch A Sucka Run To It
Seems Like A River Runs Thru It
Simple To Do It
Pass The Can Around
Try To Help One Another
The Pimp Got Tricks
That He Learned From The Other
Go By The Color You'll Discover
Damn Everybody Ain't No Brother

Just When You Thought It Was Safe
I'm Dubbing Madd Breaks On Ol CIA Tapes
Ain't No Stoppin Who
In This Country Tis Of You
It's Monkey See Monkey Do
Now In The Age Of Followin The Celebrity Rage
A 12 Gauge Flipped The Whole Page
The Score Lopsided In A One Sided War
Could Be More Then What You Bargained For
Six Pack Weasels Pumped Up By Their Own Press Releases
Till The Capital Ceases
Ain't No Difference Tween Black And White
Except The Green In Between Yeah Right
Know What I Mean
Spook That Sat By The Sound

Black Like James Brown
It's Been Goin Down
Spirit In Your Dark Ass Direction
Projection Controls Perception

Got You Guessin In The Art Of Deception
Indexes Confusin Rolexes For Rolodexes
Another Brother Fried In Texas
Spent My Best Pay Days Hittin Off Exes

Turn It Up Turn It Up

Analysis Of The Situations
Bringing Forth Alarming Revelations
Cigars 100,000 Dollar Cars / What
Most Of Us Do The Laundry In The Bus
Is We Blessed Cause Fast Foods Processed
Will The Last Be First Can The First Be Less?
Got No Leverage
Madd Thirst For The Beverages
Now The Funk Got Us Dead N Drunk
Got Your Drink On But Got No Think On
Now You Got Beef Wanna Knock Out Teeth
Against The Land Of The Lost / Gettin Tosses
6 Daze A Week Of Course To The Bosses
Old Timers / Preachin As Born Again Rhymers
In The School Gotta Walk Men
Graduates Can't Talk Man
Lyn Between The Chalk Man
Shakin That Money Maker
That MTV Honey Is A Faker
Let Ill And Al Take Her
Deaded Borders Separated By The Waters
Stats And Surveys / Be Off Like Saturdays
Madd Killers Reproducun Like Caterpillars
What's On Your Mind On The Welfare Line
Cuttin Medicaid Got Us Droppin Like Flies
Words From The Wise Comin From The Dead
Not Alive

Public Enemy Lyrics

"I"

I came from a place I forgot
I woke up in a parking lot
Far from a meal and a cot
On the corner
Where all the streets got the same name
Maybe my brains on the brink of insane
Pain between the papers while sleepin on the train
This the land of milk and honey
Know what I'm sayin
The invisible man times three
Black, down and out
Out standing on a corner no doubt
Now a nation of homeless
Sleepin in bus stations
Another win for the pilgrims
Who said no more haitians
As I proceed
Someone to feed me is what I need
Through three blocks of dealers
Tryin to hit me off wit weed
Avenue and boulevard hungry as a Motherfucker
Hope to get a ride from a trucker
Everybody know I ain't no sucker
Everyone used to drop 30 at the rucker
Away from crazy kids in generation wrecked
Dissin pyramids while praisin projects
Walk past old folks gettin no respect
Callin young folks a bunch a no good rejects
And I walk on

An eye for an eye
I can't recognize the man in the mirror
Is it I, it is I now who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I've been waiting so long to get where I'm goin
An eye for a eye in this country tis of thee
Now how the hell can I be free
Who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I been lost so long without anybody knowin

So I move on and I walk on
Past the preachers and the pimps gettin their talk on
Now why do home gotta be where the negative roam
To be or not to be so I roll alone
I'm trapped within this skin and these bones
Temporary kings on cellular phones
Can I last as I walk past
Cigarette Billboards and Malt Liquor Ads

Walkin on broken bottles and potato chip bags
Everyone I see got the nerve to brag
Where they from what they got
And don't own squat
Disrespect where they from and ya might get shot
Zombies askin me what the latest Bomb Bay
Should shot the fuckin sheriff and the fuckin deputy
For ok in the drug trade and lettin it be
But I know prison for me is an industry
So I Walk

I heard the best things in life be free
Didn't god make the land the air we breathe
Not for the homeless don't give a damn about me
In the mirror somebody else is starin at me
Maybe prison is the skin I'm within
All this time I been sufferin can't fix it wit a bufferin
Plus they said I'll never work in this town again
Damn so I keep on walkin

An eye for an eye
I can't recognize the man in the mirror
Is it I, it is I now who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I've been waiting so long to get where I'm goin
An eye for an eye in this country tis of thee
Now how the hell can I be free
Who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I been lost so long without anybody knowin

Lil day day is big day and just did time
Seen him standin on the unemployment line
Which collided wit the line of the health clinic
I seen Crazy Stacy her ass standin up in it
No more welfare cut her medicaid
Damn my mama used to do her braids
I keep walkin so they don't see me
But I doubt if they doin any better than me
So I walk on never take the planet for granted
I paved the concrete, asphalt and granite
I walk pastast three brothers sittin on the porch
Wit a yard of dirt and littered wit Newports
Talkin how they comin up while they sittin on their ass
As I walk past em I'm a target of their laughs
And one said lets get em for his fuckin stash
As I walked fast past the other yards wit grass
Had a lil cash tried to make it last
From a few deals I made from cleanin windshields
I ran like a rally they caught me in an alley
Can't get out the ghetto from New York to Cali
I thought I had nothin till I felt the knife
And now I ain't even got a life

Public Enemy Lyrics

"What What"

When flav starts to get busy
Grabbin the mic and they say who is he
Cock deezal breakdown like bill bixbie
When I think, yo I think in 360
Gimme the mic an I'ma solve all mystery
I dare any punk to try to step up and diss me
Cuz when he do, that's when he kiss dee
Titles go by and my style is fly
One more time I came here to rhyme
Gimme the mic and I'ma go for mine
So emcee's all a yall shut up
When flavor's in the house we say

What what

Let flavor blow it up
And if your ready to rock this party tonight
Somebody say what what

Now when I do my flavor dance
All the ladies go crazy in a trance
Nonstop booy from the clock on my watch
I can bring it from the bottom and take it to the top
Let me rock, come on let me get wit it
When I tell you what to get, don't get offended
Gimme the mic and I'ma bend it
Transmissions from the sky yo I'll send it
Times on my hands yo sometimes I lend it
Though I'm spendin it for a fact
I'll make you say what what
Cause flave's back

What what

Let flavor blow it up
And if your ready to rock this party tonight
Somebody say what what

Now everybody listen to flav
If you don't listen to me you will end up in your grave
Most of these people's rhymes is whack
But I got a bunch of rhymes in my napsack
Walk on my back with the black hat
Got the rhymes to come on the attack
Can't you tell that I'm really good lookin
They know me from miami, california
Back to brooklyn

Even in spain they knew flavor's name
In japan they know I'm nice in the game
We maintain yo brothers feel the vibe
We did the first album and it came out fly
And don't ask why you won't understand
Styles we got millions of fans
So come on get down like this what's up
When flavor grab the mic
I will rip your butt

What what

Let flavor blow it up
And if your ready to rock this party tonight
Somebody say what what

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Kevorkian"

Start a war on the poor gettin mad donations
Takin cheese out of poor nations
Got haitians still on sugar plantations
Wiped em out called it exotic vacations.
As you dig it they set up regulations
Turn the rest of the world into cancer patients.
What's the diff no buts ands or ifs...
Now i need a place to hide away.
Are you ready are you ready

Whose the real docs of death
Oh no it's doctor death

Killer man atomic b-boys in japan.
Another brother dies up in sudan
Kevorkian got the heads lookin for that kill em
Dead from the feds shit man
Contaminated in sad predicaments
Blood threats, blastin continents
Kings, queens dead presidents
Can't tell me where my chiza went.
Take em down blow the house down blow
The evils got you wobblin like weebles
Thinking you equal, killin lost peoples
No sequal remember biko

Whose the real docs of death
Oh no it's doctor death

Whose the real docs of death
Killin millions til they're last breath
Got no right to be dead ass wrong
Killin me softly with your songs

Bring the noise
But surrounded by cowboys
Indigenous but wiped out
Diggin new ditches
Can you dig it
Turnin tricks at the tip of politics
The devils slick, gettin their head split
I spit at those hypocrites
So I sticks to the music
Think about it it's god
You better get with the scene
Keep you and I from being human beings
You deserve what you deserve,

If you believe what he believes
And into everything you leave.
Oh what a tangled web you weave,
When destroyed by the disease by 33 degrees
Bringing satan down to his knees

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Swindlers Lust"

[Flav] Yeah back it up

[Chuck] Vultures of culture

A dollar a rhyme, but we barely get a dime

Uh-huh, check it out

[Chuck D]

If you don't own the master, then the master own you

Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust? (GEYEAH!)

From the back of the bus, neither one of us

control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

Hickory dickory dock

Hand in my pocket, rob me for my chocolate (eheheheh)

Mo' dollars, mo' cents, for the Big Six

Another million led to bled, claimin innocence

Is it any wonder why black folks goin under --

-- cause niggaz be sold in bundles

No pressure, tell me why they don't care

Rap and R&B pavin the streets of Bel-Air

From the sales of singers, no longer here

The bigger killer, get the bigger share (eheheheh)

Now the ones I attack, negroes got their back

No, eighty/twenty is a wack contract

Forever lack, the voice of real blacks

Stole rock'n'roll and ain't gave it back (yea yea)

Started off my defense, now they're the ones I defend against

who fell up into the tricks

"Fuck the Fight the Power shit; get that Chuck D nigga fixed,

and keep him up out of the mix"

Well hell, tell em Chuck don't suck no dick

Be an ass, and that ass get kicked

Hand in my pocket, rob me for my chocolate

Watch em swindle yo' ass and turn a profit

If you don't own the master, then the master own you

Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?

From the back of the bus, neither one of us

control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

They don't care about me, they don't care about you

They don't care about you and your crew

your family neighborhood and plus, heh,

they don't give a damn about us

[Flav] One thing about them, they like to exploit though

[Chuck] Vultures of culture

[Flav] They like to exploit little suckers

[Chuck] A dollar a rhyme -- while we barely get a dime

[Chuck D]

Profit off the soul of black folk
Turn em into bitches, niggaz, and stupid ass jokes
Laugh with us? Or laughin at us? That's what I'm guessin
We in the Rutgers program with that question

They came in and sat at the feet (uh-huh) of our ancient ancestors; they learned (yeah) they took it back.
They came back, then they imitated (right)
Once they got enough, they came back and destroyed

[Chuck D]

Laughin all the way to the bank; remember them own the banks
and them god damn tanks (god damn right)
Now what company do I thank? Ain't this a bitch
Heard they owned slaves, in a ship that sank

[Flavor Flav]

Aight aight aight aight yo yo
Where all the Louie's? Where my Louie's? Ehehe

[Chuck D]

If you don't own the master, then the master own you
Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?
From the back of the bus, neither one of us control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

This to the blues people in the Delta
This for everybody in the 50's that didn't, get their money
Little Richard gettin half of a penny
All of the super soul singers of the 60's
All the bands of the 70's on the outside lookin in
All the people that didn't make a DIME
off their session playin
And even the rappers in the 80's and 90's
still tryin to get paid, from what they put in, yeah

If you don't own the master, then the master own you
Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?
From the back of the bus, neither one of us
control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

Hmm..

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Kill Em Live"

All I wanna do is get paid back
For all that time I spent in the back
Livin in shacks, fillin up sacks of cotton
Now it's what we fought, you're makin six packs
There's some got our hope out of control
Of my soul, pass the Ol' Gold
Behold the pale horse, Supreme Court
Sweatin niggas like sports
Hunt a nigga for sport
See a nigga play sports, no support
On the outside lookin in
If that's what's up then I ain't never been in style then
Everything is anything, anything is upbeat of nothing
Once again, poisoned from the paper and pen
You better defend that bullshit on the other end
Fuck your own thing, if your own thing's the wrong thing
Fuck dem chicken wings
Last able man standing
Follow what? I ain't understanding
What's better to understand then be misunderstood?
Cos the FBI is up to no good
Power to the peeps who come with their own drum
And don't end up like sheep

(Kill!!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!!)
(Kill Em Live!)

Mad heads confused by the isms
Bustin caps incoginisms
Phone taps, makin sure they record ya
From my midnight plane to Georgia, uhh
Ancient to [?] player
The life giver, the name take-awayer
Propaganda can't gasp the last man standing
Assassinate all the plannin
Get wreck, what you see is what you get
To plunder more stars than Trek
21st Century Robin Hood
I guess the politics are robbin hoods
Fuck the Government 'cause you know that I would
Cos the FBI is up to no good
Power to the peeps who come with their own drum
And don't end up like sheep

(Kill Em Live!)

under them Smith & Wessons

(Kill Em Live!)